THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 16, 1792.

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 356.)

THE splendid success I had met with in Russia displeased the great Frederic, whose persecution every where attended me, and who supposed his interest injured by my success in Russia. The incident I am going to relate was, at the time it happened, well known to, and caused much agitation among, all the foreign Ambassadors.

Lord Hyndford desired I would make him a fair copy of a plan of Cronstadt, for which he furnished the materials, with three additional drawings of the various ships in the harbour, and their names. There was neither danger nor suspicion attending this; the plan of Cronstadt being no secret, but publicly sold in the shops of Petersburg. England was likewise then in the closest alliance with Russia. Hyndford shewed the drawing to Funk, the Saxon Envoy, his intimate friend, who asked his permission to copy it himself. Hyndford gave him the plan signed with my name, and after Funk had been some days employed copying it, the Prussian Minister, Goltz, who lived in his neighbourhood, came in, as he frequently paid him friendly visits. Funk, unsuspectingly, shewed him my drawing, and both

both lamented that Frederic had loſt ſo uſeful a ſubject. Goltz aſked to borrow it for a couple of days, in order to correct his own, and Funk, one of the worthieſt, moſt honeſt, and leaſt ſuſpicious of men, who loved me like a brother, accordingly lent the plan.

No ſooner was Goltz in poſſeſſion of it than he hurried to the Chancellor, with whoſe weakneſs he was well acquainted, told him his intent in coming was to prove that a man, who had once been unfaithful to his King and country, where he had been loaded with favours, would certainly betray, for his own private intereſt, every ſtate where he was truſted. He continued his preface, by ſpeaking of the rapid progreſs I had made in Ruſſia, and the free entrance I had found in the Chancellor's houſe, where I was received as a ſon and initiated in the ſecrets of the cabinet.

The Chancellor defended me:—Goltz then endeavoured to excite his jealouſy, and told him my private interviews with his wife, eſpecially in the palace garden, were publicly ſpoken of. This he had learned from his ſpies, he having endeavoured, by the ſnares he laid, to make my deſtruction certain.

He likewiſe led Beſtuchef to ſuſpect his Secretary, S——n, was a party in the intrigue; till at laſt the Chancellor became very angry; Goltz then took my plan of Cronſtadt from his pocket, and added, "Your excellency is nouriſhing a ſerpent in your boſom. This drawing have I received from Trenck, copied from your cabinet deſigns, for 200 ducats." He knew I was employed there ſometimes with Oettinger, whoſe office it was to inſpect the buildings and repairs of all the Ruſſian fortifications. Beſtuchef was aſtoniſhed; his anger became violent, and Goltz added fuel to the flame, by inſinuating I ſhould not be ſo powerfully protected by Bernes, the Auſtrian Ambaſſador, were it not to favour the views of his own Court. Beſtuchef mentioned proſecution and the knout; Goltz replied my friends were too powerful, my pardon would be procured, and the evils this way increaſed. They therefore determined to have me ſecretly ſecured, and privately conveyed to Siberia.

Thus, while I unſuſpectingly dreamed of nothing but happineſs, the gathering ſtorm threatened deſtruction, which only was averted by accident, or God's good providence.

Goltz had ſcarcely left the place, triumphant, when the Chancellor entered, with bitterneſs and rancour in his heart, into his lady's apartment, reproached her with my conduct, and, while ſhe endeavoured to ſooth him, related all that had paſſed. Her penetration was much deeper than her huſband's: ſhe perceived

ceived there was a plot againſt me: ſhe indeed knew my heart better than any other, and particularly that I was not in want of a poor 200 ducats. She could not, however, appeaſe him, and my arreſt was determined. She therefore inſtantly wrote me a line to the following purport.

"You are threatened, dear friend, by a very imminent danger. Do not ſleep to-night at home, but ſecure yourſelf at Lord Hyndford's till you hear farther from me."

Secretary S——n, her confidant (the ſame who, not long ſince, was Ruſſian Envoy at Ratiſbon), was ſent with this note. He found me, after dinner, at the Engliſh Ambaſſador's, and called me aſide. I read the billet, was aſtoniſhed at its contents, and ſhewed it Lord Hyndford. My conſcience was void of reproach, except that we ſuſpected my ſecret with the Counteſs had been betrayed to the Chancellor; and, fearing his jealouſy, Hyndford commanded me to remain in his houſe till we ſhould make further diſcovery.

We placed ſpies round the houſe where I lived: I was enquired for after midnight, and the Lieutenant of the Police came himſelf and ſearched the houſe.

Lord Hyndford went, about ten in the morning, to viſit the Chancellor, that he might obtain ſome intelligence, who immediatel reproached him for having granted an aſylum to a traitor. "What has this traitor done?" ſaid Hyndford. "Faithleſsly copied a plan of Cronſtadt, from my cabinet drawings," anſwered the Chancellor, "which he has ſold, to the Pruſſian Miniſter, for 200 ducats.

Hyndford was aſtoniſhed; he knew me well, and alſo knew that he had then in money and jewels, more than 8000 ducats of mine in his own hands; nor was he leſs ignorant of the little value I ſet on money, or of the ſources whence I could obtain it, when I pleaſed. "Has your Excellency actually ſeen this drawing of Trenck's?"—"Yes, I have been ſhewn it by Goltz."—"I wiſh I might likewiſe be permitted to ſee it; I know Trenck's drawing, and make myſelf reſponſible that he is no traitor. Here is ſome myſtery; be ſo kind as to deſire M. Goltz will come, and bring his plan of Cronſtadt. Trenck is at my houſe, ſhall be forthcoming inſtantly, and I will not protect him, if he proves guilty."

The Chancellor wrote to Goltz, but he, artful as he was, had, no doubt, taken care to be informed that the Lieutenant of the Police had miſſed his prey. He therefore ſent an excuſe, and did not appear. In the mean time I entered. Hyndford then addreſſed me, with the openneſs of an Engliſhman, and

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asked, " Are you a traitor, Trenck? If so, you do not merit my protection, but stand here a state prisoner. Have you sold a plan of Cronstadt to M. Goltz?" My answer may easily be supposed. Hyndford rehearsed what the Chancellor had said to him, I was desired to leave the room, and Funk was sent for. The moment he came in, Hyndford said, " Sir, where is that plan of Cronstadt which Trenck copied?" Funk, hesitating, replied, " I will go for it." " Have you it," continued Hyndford, " at home? Speak upon your honour"—" No, my Lord, I have lent it, for a few days, to M. Goltz, that he may take a copy."

Hyndford immediately then saw the whole affair, told the Chancellor the history of this plan, which belonged to him, and which he had lent to Funk, and requested a trusty person might be sent, with him, to make proper search. Bestuchef named his First Secretary, and to him were added Funk and the Dutch Envoy, Schwart, who happened to enter. All went together to the house of Goltz. Funk here demanded his plan of Cronstadt; Goltz gave it him, and Funk returned it to Lord Hyndford.

The Secretary and Hyndford both then desired he would produce the plan of Cronstadt, which he had bought for 200 ducats. His confusion was now great, and Hyndford firmly insisted this plan should be forth-coming, to vindicate the honour of Trenck, whom he held to be an honest man. On this, Goltz answered, " I have received my King's commands to prevent the preferment of Trenck, in Russia, and I have only fulfilled the duty of a Minister."

Hyndford spit on the ground, and said more than I now choose to repeat; after which the four gentlemen now returned to the Chancellor, and I was again called. Every body complimented me, related what had passed, and the Chancellor promised I should be recompensed; strictly, however, forbidding me to take any revenge on the Prussian Ambassador, I having sworn in the first transports of anger, to punish him where I should find him, even were it at the altar's foot.

The Chancellor soothed me, kept me to dine with him, and endeavoured to assuage my boiling passions. The Countess affected an indifference, and asked me if such-like actions characterised the Prussian nation. Funk and Schwart were at table. All present congratulated me on my victory, but none knew to whom I was indebted for deliverance from the hasty and unjust condemnation of the Chancellor, although my protectress was one of the company. I received a present of

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two thouſand rubles, the next day, from the Chancellor, with orders to thank the Empreſs for this mark of her bounty, and accept it as a ſign of her ſpecial favour. I paid theſe my thanks ſome days after. The money I diſregarded, but the amiable Empreſs, by her enchanting benevolence, made me forget the paſt. The ſtory became public, and Goltz appeared neither in company nor at Court. The manner in which the Counteſs, perſonally reproached him I ſhall, out of reſpect, paſs over. Bernes, the crafty Piedmonteſe, aſſured me of revenge, without my troubling myſelf in the matter, and—what happened after I know not: Goltz appeared but little in company, fell ill when I had left Ruſſia, and died, ſoon after, of a conſumption.

The Chancellor had greatly changed his carriage toward me, ſince the incident of the plan. He obſerved my looks and words, ſhewed he was diſtruſtful, and deſirous of revenge. His lady, as well as myſelf, remarked this, and new meaſures became neceſſary. I was obliged to act an artful, but, at the ſame time, a very dangerous part.

(To be continued.)

The Intereſting Hiſtory of the Count de Bellegarde; with a Deſcription of the Sublime and Pictureſque Scenery in the Pyrenean Mountains.

[From Celeſtina, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.]

(Continued from Page 350.)

WE were not, however, ſo intoxicated with our preſent happineſs, as to neglect the means of its continuance; but nothing was ſo difficult as to carry them into execution. It was only of a night I could get out, for with ſuch a commiſſion I was unwilling to entruſt the daring and impetuous Ormond; and the application I made for horſes at two or three villages at hours ſo unreaſonable, raiſed ſuch ſuſpicion of my intention, that I twice narrowly eſcaped being ſeized by the peaſants as one of the banditti; and once, on my return to the caſtle, was watched and compelled, inſtead of entering it by the window, as uſual, to plunge into the woods, and conceal myſelf till the following evening: while my wife, my ſiſter, and Ormond ſuffered the moſt cruel anxiety, and were almoſt dead with apprehenſion.

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After this unſucceſsful ſally, they entreated me not to venture out again, and we continued to live on ſome time longer in ſecurity. The immenſe extent of the caſtle made our abode in this uninhabited part of it attended with very little riſk; for the paſſages were all ſtone, and our foot-ſteps could not be heard, even if we had not taken all precautions againſt noiſe.—The appearance Genevieve was compelled to aſſume toward D'Ancheterre, obtained for her any little favour ſhe choſe to aſk of him: and he followed her frequently to dine in her own apartment, while her ſiſter was thus enabled to carry on, with more ſucceſs, her plan of operations againſt the Count, in which indeed ſhe had made a much greater progreſs than ſhe apprehended. Thus we were ſupplied without raiſing any ſuſpicion, and were ſo well content with our confinement, ſince it was the impriſonment of love, that could we have been ſure of its continuance with ſafety to the objects of that love, we ſhould never have regretted our loſs of liberty.

To this moment I am ignorant of the means by which we were diſcovered, though I can impute it only to the treachery of the monk who married us. It was after midnight, near five weeks after our reſidence in the caſtle, that I was awaked by a loud ſhriek from Jacquelina, who at the ſame moment, threw her arms about me.—I ſtarted up, and flew to a cutlaſs which I uſually placed in a chair near the bed; and with which I defended Jacquelina for ſome moments, till I was ſtunned by a blow which one of the ruffians who ſurrounded me aimed at the back of my head, and I recovered not my ſenſes till many hours afterward, when I awoke in a kind of litter, in which two hideous figures guarded me, with their ſwords drawn. I was confined by heavy chains; and when I enquired why I was thus fettered like a malefactor, I was ſhewn a Lettre de Cachet, which directed me to be conveyed to the Baſtile—and thither I was now travelling. Oh, Sir, if you have loved! you may be enabled to judge what were my feelings!—Yet, who was ever ſo cruelly outraged—who was ever torn from ſuch a woman, unleſs it was my unhappy friend, Ormond!—whoſe fate I had reaſon to fear was yet ſeverer than my own—becauſe I doubted whether my father, ſavage and inhuman as he was, could exerciſe on me exactly the ſame degree of cruelty, which he would feel himſelf diſpoſed to inflict on one who, in addition to his being the huſband of Genevieve, was an Engliſhman, and an heretic. The anxiety I felt for his fate, and for that, of my ſiſter, and the dread of what might have befallen Jacquelina, whoſe ſhrieks, as they endeavoured to tear her from me, yet vi-

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brated in my ears, made me insensible of my own sufferings, notwithstanding my wounds and the inconveniences of my confinement. But my guards were obstinately silent, and neither threats nor entreaties could procure for me the least intelligence of what was to be the fate of the beloved friends from whom they divided me.

While any hope remained, I retained some degree of composure and recollection: but at length despair took possession of me—I became delirious—Furious, frantic, I was only prevented by my chains from destroying, first my keepers, and then myself.—I knew nothing of what happened for many days, during the disorder of my senses: when I recovered them, I was in a room in a tower of the Bastile, so much weakened with the loss of blood that they had taken from me during my frenzy, that I could not leave my bed. My head had been shaved, and I was under the regimen appointed for those who are decidedly insane.—Pardon me, if I here ask your patience till to-morrow—the recollection of what I then suffered is too painful for me to dwell upon longer; and when I think that these sufferings were inflicted by a father!—Here the Count put his hand on his heart, and sighed deeply. Willoughby remarked in his eyes that unsettled expression that still bore testimony of the state of mind into which the sufferings he had been relating had thrown him; and extremely affected himself by the Count's narrative, he was glad, powerfully as his curiosity was excited, to delay hearing the melancholy catastrophe, for melancholy he feared it must be, till the next day.

When the Count de Bellegarde and Willoughby met the next morning, the former seemed perfectly composed, but pensive and melancholy. It was early—he proposed walking toward the convent; "and as we go," said he, "I will conclude, as briefly as I can, my mournful history. I will not dwell upon the nature of my sufferings in the Bastile: of much of the time I passed there I have no perfect recollection; and, for the rest, suffice it to say that, by the orders of my inflexible father, I endured all the rigours of imprisonment, in its most hideous form for several months, during which I made some attempts to escape—Attempts, the failure of which only served to convince me of the impossibility of effecting it; and, in the impotency of rage, I cursed my existence, and, I fear, reproached Heaven itself for permitting such horrors on earth. The idea of Jacquelina, abandoned to the inhuman vengeance of a man capable of acting with such malignity toward his own son; the thoughts of the misery in which I had probably

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been the means of involving Ormond and Genevieve, hardly ſuffered me to attend to my own wretchedneſs, when I was capable of feeling it; but many weeks paſt in wild ravings about them, and then for myſelf I felt nothing.

"I thus loſt ſome of thoſe miſerable days, the cauſe of which, when I was ſenſible, I marked on the wall of my priſon. I had now, though my reckoning was thus rendered defective, paſt near two years in my priſon; when my barbarous father, at the interceſſion of my brother the Baron, ſent a prieſt to offer me my releaſe on certain conditions: one of which was, that I ſhould immediately, on leaving my confinement, be conducted to my regiment, which was then in garriſon at Liſle, and give my parole that I would not quit it without the permiſſion of the commanding officer. Though I ſaw that this reſtriction was intended to prevent my gaining any intelligence of Jacquelina, of Ormond, or of my ſiſter, I gave the promiſed deſire, as being releaſed from my deteſted priſon always ſeemed a ſtep toward them; and two days afterward the Governor of the Baſtile delivered me to the perſons whom my father had ſent for me; and I was thus conducted, like a priſoner, to join the regiment, where the Colonel, a friend of the Count's, took care to take the parole in the ſtrongeſt manner; and believing, perhaps, that under ſuch circumſtances I ſhould not feel myſelf bound in honour to keep it, he continued to have me watched ſo ſtrictly that I was ſtill in fact a priſoner.

"And thus, at the age of 29, was I treated; my ſoul revolted againſt the tyranny, without the means of eſcaping from it, and conſuming itſelf in vain projects, to ſee or to hear from the wife ſo adored—from friends ſo tenderly beloved.

"A few days, however, after my arrival at Liſle, my brothers, D'Ermenonville and the Baron De Rochemarte, came in diſguiſe to find me. They hardly knew me, ſo greatly was I changed by deſpair and confinement; but without giving them time to expreſs their concern, I enquired for Jacquelina—for Ormond, for our ſiſter.

"Their countenances, particularly that of the Baron, told me that I had only tidings of ſorrow to expect; and knowing the ſtate in which my mind had been, he ſtudied a moment how to ſoften them; but the impatience of my fear would not give him time.—"Tell me," cried I, "tell me, where is Jacquelina, where is Genevieve, where is my friend Ormond? They are dead, I know they are; that inhuman man, who calls himſelf my father, has deſtroyed them all."

"No,"

" No." replied the Baron, " Ormond lives, and is long ſince returned to England—Jacquelina lives; but lives not for you; ſhe has taken the veil.—As for our unfortunate ſiſter, ſhe is, perhaps, happier; ſhe has been dead ſome months."—This cruel intelligence—that of the three beings deareſt to me on earth I ſhould never again ſee either, was too much for me.—Again I loſt the ſenſe of my miſery in delirium; and it was many days before I could attend to the conſolation offered me by the Baron, or the lighter arguments by which D'Ermenonville attempted to wean me from reflections which it could anſwer, he ſaid, no purpoſe to indulge. The ſtate I then fell into was only another ſpecies of madneſs. I no longer raved or vented my fury in cries and execrations; but I became ſilent and ſullen: never ſpoke but to the Baron, who ſtill attended me with paternal pity, and got leave of the Commandant to do ſo; and whatever I ſaid to him was only enquiries after ſome particulars relative to Jacquelina and my ſiſter, in which he could not ſatisfy me—all that he knew being from my father, or Madame de Bellegarde; for the ſiſter of the Jeſuit, D'Aucheterre had long ſince been raiſed to that title, and had brought the Count to Paris, where he was again admitted to ſuch a ſhare of power as enabled him to execute more ſecurely his unnatural vengeance.

" As I was no longer capable of duty, and my malady ſeemed to be incurably fixed:—As Jacquelina had taken the vows, and was for ever out of my reach, the Baron obtained leave for me to go with him to a houſe he had in Normandy; where the patient pity with which he watched over me, gradually reſtored me to my ſenſes! but I regained them only to feel with keener anguiſh all the horrors of my deſtiny.

The Count de Bellegarde, now far advanced in life, and repenting, perhaps, whenever his new wife gave him leave to think, of his cruel treatment of his daughter, expreſſed ſome inclination to ſee and forgive me; but I felt that it was I who had much to forgive: and, alas! I felt, too, that though he was my father I could not forgive him.

" The firſt moment in which I enjoyed both reaſon and liberty, I ſhould have uſed in flying to Perpignan, where, with difficulty, I learned that Jacquelina was confined; but I had promiſed the Baron, that I would not yet attempt it, and to him I held my word to be ſacred, whatever it coſt me to keep it. All my preſent ſatisfaction was in traverſing the ſea coaſt, near which my brother's houſe was ſituated, and looking toward England, whence I every day expected to hear of Ormond, to

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whom I had written. Impatiently I waited month after month for an anſwer. I wrote again; but ſtill I heard nothing. At length I recollected the name of an Engliſh gentleman, with whom Ormond lived in habits of intimacy while he was in France. I wrote to him, and my letter was immediately anſwered. He informed me, that Captain Ormond, who had returned to England about ten months before in a very bad ſtate of health, had been ordered very ſoon afterward to America, with his regiment, which was ſent thither to quell the troubles which about that time broke out in the Engliſh colonies. Thus I had no longer any hope of ſeeing my dear friend, who was of a diſpoſition to have joined me in my attempt, however hazardous, for the recovery of Jacquelina, which I was at all events determined to try at.

" Wild and impoſſible as the project was, it had taken ſuch forcible hold of my imagination, that reaſon was no longer heard. I concealed my intentions, however, carefully from my brother—affected a compoſure, I was far from feeling; and, as he began to believe me reconciled to my deſtiny, he no longer refuſed to talk of Jacquelina, when I calmly led the diſcourſe to that ſubject: and by degrees he told me all he knew, which was indeed, little more than the name of this convent, where ſhe had taken the veil, at Perpignan.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An Authentic Account of the State of Society in which the Natives of Africa live, in Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three Countries extending along the Shore from the Mouth of the River Gambia to that of the Senegal.

(Continued from Page 361.)

MR. CLARKSON having deſcribed the different ranks of life among the people of Sallum, Sin, and Cayor, and having alſo brought them to view as they live in their houſes and villages, and poſſeſs their lands, proceeds to the only remaining topick, in anſwer to the queſtion propoſed to him; which comprehends the different occupations of theſe people, or the various ways in which they employ themſelves in the courſe of the year.

Theſe occupations may be divided into ſtationary and itinerant. The firſt ſtationary employment, according to

Mr.

Mr. C——'s acceptation of the word, is agriculture. They never cultivate the ſame land but once in three years; and when they want new land, there are thouſands of acres of champaign land in theſe countries, that have only a ſort of underwood upon them, from which they ſelect ſome for their purpoſe; for to clear the foreſts would be an endleſs taſk. The cleaning of new land, or ſuch as has lain fallow, is an occupation belonging to the men..

Before the rainy ſeaſon arrives, (which commences in June and ends in October,) they prepare their land for their millet; of which there are two ſpecies, the ſmall and the great. They begin with the ſmall; and three weeks after, they ſow the large millet. At the latter end of September, or the beginning of October, the ſmall millet is ripe. The men cut it, and the women and children carry it away. In three weeks afterwards, the large millet is ready alſo, and it is cut and taken away, as before. Thus they have two crops in one year.

When the millet is gathered, it is carried to a place fixed upon at a ſmall diſtance from the village, where all the millet belonging to the inhabitants is kept. Each family has a large baſket, made of twigs, of a conical form, about five feet high with a top to it, which takes off, in which it is depoſited. Here each family depoſits its own crop, ſo that the millet of the whole village is kept together. Though it be often at a diſtance from the villages, and among the woods, and there be nobody to guard it, it is generally in perfect ſecurity from theft.

The people who work in the manner here mentioned are the proprietors of the lands. Each family works for its own ſuſtenance and ſupport. Amidſt the labourers a ſlave is ſometimes found, but not often, becauſe, as was ſaid before, the ſlaves in this country do not bear the proportion of more than one to fifteen hundred, if compared with the free men.

The millet then takes up the time of the natives from July till the beginning of November. In December they gather their crops of cotton, and their indigo in May.

The people who thus cultivate their lands, and are employed (taking in the different ſorts of produce) for the months of July, Auguſt, September, October, November, December, and May, are not idle for the other ſeaſons of the year. They betake themſelves in the interim to other ſtationary employments, ſuch as the making of mats and ſoap. The former are made of leaves and the twigs of trees; the latter of cer-

tain insects and grease. The former are made promiscuously by all, but the latter by women only.

The villagers on the sea coast employ themselves in fishing. They go out to sea for this purpose, and are engaged in it, off and on the coast, from February to June. The fish which they catch, they preserve by drying in the sun. At the end of the fishing season it begins to be time to cultivate their lands. They betake themselves therefore, to this employment. Hence (including the fishing season and the months already stated to have been the months for husbandry) this description of people have sufficient work for the year round.

It would be most natural to suppose that the boats, in which these fishermen follow their occupation, are built upon the shore; but it is not the case: First, because there is but little wood upon that part of the coast where they live; and, secondly, because that little is not so good as in the interior parts. Hence arises by necessity the business of boat-building at the distance of thirty (French) leagues from the shore, and in a part of the country where there are no rivers to bring them down when made. The Serreres, who have been described as living among the woods, are one description of people who follow this employment. These are free men, and are not assisted in their work by any slaves. They cut down the trees, and shape the canoes, but do not hollow them, lest in pulling them overland, (for there is no other way of conveying them) they should break. When they have shaped them they fasten to them the cords of the country, and by the assistance of the village drag them about six leagues. Here they are assisted by the next village, who drag them about six leagues farther, and so on till they reach the shore. They give the people, who assist them, a dinner or repast only for their pains, with which they are quite content.

Notwithstanding the wonderful trouble and perseverance from the felling of the trees to the delivery of these boats upon the shore, they sell them at a price which would be hardly credited by an European. A boat, that will hold two people may be bought for about ten shillings, and a large canoe of forty feet for between four and five pounds.

Of the boatmakers it may be proper to add, that they follow this occupation only in the dry season; for in the rainy they cultivate their lands: So that like the fisherman before mentioned they are employed for the year round.

Among other stationary occupations, Mr. Clarkson mentions but one more, which is the making of salt. Throughout

Cayor,

Cayor, Sin, and Sallum, there are but three or four villages, from which those countries are supplied with salt; among which is Sangay, where there are not less perhaps than five or six hundred of the inhabitants, men and women together, who are thus employed.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Narrative of William Drake, formerly Midshipman of the Hannibal, and other Prisoners taken last War, who have lately made their Escape from Tippoo.

ON the 31st of July 1791, arrived at Hurry Hier, a fortress on the southern banks of the Tumbuddra, acquired by the Mahrattas during the present war, Mr. William Drake, formerly midshipman of the Hannibal, James Skurry, drummer of marines, and John Jordan, seaman of the same ship, and William Whiteway, gunner's boy of the Fortitude.

The prisoners taken by the French in the Hannibal, Chaser, Fortitude, Yarmouth, Raikes, and Resolution, to the number of near 500, were landed at Cuddalore the 30th of June, 1782; sent from thence to Chillumbrum the beginning of July, where they remained prisoners with the French till August the 12th, when they were delivered over to Hyder Ally Khan, and marched to Bangalore; the privates in irons. They arrived at Bangalore the 2d of September.

The officers were sent into the fort the next day, and three days after were put in irons, with an allowance of one country fanam, something less than the one-third of a rupee, and a seer of rice each day. Some of the privates were forced into Tippoo Saib's service as mechanics at Bangalore, and others confined to Bangalore, Austore, Ballapore, Dewanolly, &c. On the 19th of October, the youngest of the whole, to the number of 51, were sent to Seringapatam, where they arrived the 31st of October; they remained there till the 7th of November, when their heads were shaved; and on the 11th all their things were taken from them, and they were circumcised; soon after the Mussulmen names and dresses were given them, and they were marched about the parade. The midshipmen had an allowance of two country fanams per day, and the others one, with victuals cooked for the whole. Thus they remained till November 1783, when on a trifling misdemeanor

demeanor of ſome of them, all were confined; and being rather clamorous with the Kelledar for this treatment, ſome were beat, and all were bound on the parade, and rings (boly) the badge of ſlavery, were put into their ears; they were then incorporated into a battalion of Cheylas, where they remained till the 19th Dec. 1783.

They were then ſent to Myſore with ſome other Europeans, amounting to about 85, where they remained in cloſe confinement till April 1784, in two priſons, when they were brought back to Seringapatam, paſſed in review before Tippoo, and queſtioned as to their knowledge and qualifications as mechanics. The command of a company of Cheyla boys, with exerciſing muſkets without locks, were given to Meſſrs. Speediman and Rutlidge, and the others made Havildars, having the command of ſix, with an allowance of about nine rupees per month of 35 or 36 days; they were all diſtributed into two battalions, and were ſent to Chineroypatam, about twelve coſs weſterly of Seringapatam; they ſtayed there till February 1785, when they were again ſent for to Seringapatam, and reviewed by Tippoo. He gave battalions of Cheylas with firelocks to Meſſrs. Speediman and Rutlidge, and a battalion of boys, with exerciſing muſkets, to Serjeant Dempſter; and made the others Havildars in thoſe and other Cheyla battalions. Mr. Speediman, who had ever been very low ſpirited, cut his throat in about a month. The battalions to which they were poſted were, four of Chriſtians called Achmedy, and four of various caſts, called Aſſud Allye, all circumciſed.

Thus they remained till February 1786, when Tippoo, on the breaking out of the Mahratta war, collected his army, gave all the battalions new arms and accoutrements, and marched to Bangalore, with, among his other troops, twelve of thoſe battalions, and four old ones (Aſſud Ally). The army conſiſting of 80,000 fighting men commanded by Tippoo in perſon, left Bangalore in May, and proceeded towards Adom, which they reached about the end of that month, plundered the Pettah, attacked the fort, and in attempting to ſtorm it, were beat back twice. On the advance of Mogul Ally Khan to the relief of Adoni, with a ſtrong detachment from the allied army to the northward of the Tumbuddra, Tippoo raiſed the ſiege, and retreated five coſs. The garriſon of the fort was withdrawn, and proceeded with Mogul Ally's detachment acroſs the Tumbuddra to the main army. Tippoo came in ſight of the Tumbuddra at Gurrygonaut, about 64 coſs from Adoni, and ſeven from Hurry Hier; all the European Cheylas, and

and many other Europeans, were then ſent back to Seringapatam in conſequence of the deſertion that had taken place among them; the Europeans were then again incorporated into battalions as Havildars; and a battalion was given to Mr. Rutlidge, and Serjeants Dempſter and Smith.

They remained in Seringapatam tilll June or July 1787, when Tippoo arrived there on the concluſion of the Mahratta war; and, on reviewing them, he ſelected the Europeans to the number of 86. They remained till December without employment, when he diſperſed them as follows:—To Chittledroog 22 Engliſhmen, one woman, and ſeven foreigners; to Bednore, 22 Engliſhmen, and ſeven foreigners; and 22 Engliſhmen and ſix foreigners remained in Seringapatam. Thoſe for Chittledroog and Bednore were ſent in irons. The Chittledroog party reached their deſtination the 27th of December, and were incorporated into four Cheyla battalions that were at that place—the firſt commanded by Abdul Ghumey, who had been in Capt. Kelly's battalion—ſecond Abdul Khan, third Ayaz Khan, fourth Kurrum Khan; Mahomed Ally Beg, formerly in the ſervice of the Nabob of Arcot, commanding the whole. Here they were all privates, on four and a halt rupees per month, or 15 country fanams, and three quarter ſeer of rice per day for one year and a half; and afterwards their allowance was ſeven rupees per month for 46 days, and they were treated in every reſpect very ſeverely; they did duty in the Pettah, till about one month before the fall of Bangalore, when they were put into the lower fort, and had to build their own habitations.

On the Mahratta parties coming into the neighbourhood of Chittledroog, ſeveral detachment were ſent againſt them from the fort; and, in 1791, the Europeans were alſo employed on this ſervice, at which they were very happy, thinking it might afford them an opportunity of making their eſcape. Dowlat Khan, the Killedar in perſon, 3500 men, 1000 of them horſe under Rubur Jung, proceeded to Tul Ryrah, ſeventeen coſs towards Roydroog, in the hands of ſome revolted Beydars who offered to pay tribute, but would not ſurrender; three unſucceſsful attempts were made to ſtorm; but, on a breach being made, the fourth ſucceeded, and almoſt every man in the place was put to death. One European Cheyla was killed, and one wounded. M. Le Sage received a ball through the body from one of his own party, which killed him on the ſpot; 200 of Dowlat Khan's people were killed and wounded; they were ſeveral times out in the neighbourhood of Chittledroog, and

Dowlat

Dowlat Khan afterwards marched to Warrul Keyrah, seven coss from Chittledroog; but hearing of the Mahrattas being in force there, he determined to return.

Before the party got back to the fort, the afternoon was far advanced, and the weather was very cloudy. Taking advantage of this, Mr. Drake and the others loitered as much as they could; and dark coming on, with rain, before they had got within the sentinels, they separated from the party, and moved on all night, hiding themselves in the day-time, till they had got within the Mahratta districts. John Leavesley and William Richardson, seamen; and Thomas Jones, marine of the Hannibal, and Alexander Bruce, drummer of the 100th regiment, made their escape out of Chittledroog the 9th of September 1791, and proceeded to Hurry Hier. These two parties, amounting to nine, joined Capt. Little's detachment eleven miles and a half north of Chittledroog the 21st of September. George Bush and Thomas Foresides, both of Yarmouth, made their escape from Bednore, arrived at Hurry Hier the 3d of September, and have since proceeded to Bombay.

At Seringapatam, General Matthews was in confinement; James Skurry was sent for one day to the Kutcherry there, and some pewter plates, with marks on them, were shewn to him to explain; he saw on them words to this purport:

"I am indebted to the Malabar Christians, on account of the public service, 40,000 rupees; the Company owes me (about) 30,000; I have taken poison, and am now within a short time of death; whoever communicates this to the Bombay Government, or to my wife, will be amply rewarded.

"(Signed) RICHARD MATHEWS."

Part of the guard, that were posted over the General, have assured Mr. Drake and the others, that poison was given to him in milk. Colonel Baillie died the 11th of November 1782; but whether by violence or not, cannot be asserted with confidence, though the general opinion was in the affirmative.

Captain Rumley, and Lieutenants Sampson and Fraser, of the Madras Establishment, were seen by Mr. Drake, and many others were carried over the parade of Seringapatam in covered doolies. One of them said to the European boys then at exercise there—"God bless you, lads! we know not where these people are taking us." On the arrival of the European Cheylas at Mysore, about two months after, one Wurdywallas assured them, that those officers were poisoned there; many others confirmed this. Captains Laudram and M'Colloch lost

their

their lives, not known how, at Gopauldroog. It is to be remarked, that the water of Gopauldroog, at the top of the rock, is very generally reported to be of a poisonous quality, which in a short time kills all who drink it. The town below it is a good one; they had not heard any particulars of the other Bombay officers who are missing.

Mr. Rutlidge mentioned to Mr. Drake and the others, that Kishin Row, Head Bramin of the regular infantry (not the person killed by Tippoo), had informed him, that 25 British officers, on pretence of marching them from one place to another, had been by night forced into a pit, and smothered.

The two prisoners that escaped from Chittledroog met, on their way to Hurry Hier, with one Smithey, who informed them, that on the capture of Bangalore, all the Englishmen in Seringapatam, except himself, who practised physic, were sent in small parties to different forts; that he himself likewise was soon after sent away under a guard; and supposing they intended to put him to death, he took an opportunity of seizing one of their swords, with which he cut down two or three of them, and the rest ran away. That he soon after fell in with fourteen other Europeans under a guard, and urged them to endeavour to extricate themselves, which they did; and after a long conflict with the guard, in which fell four Europeans, they made their escape, and reached a detachment of the Nizam's troops. That a letter from Mr. Rutlidge, while in confinement at Narrowdroog, having been intercepted, and the names of Serjeant Dempster and one Green being mentioned, they were put to death. Smithey is well acquainted with the country languages, and being also a deserter, preferring a wandering life to any other, left his comrades; he dresses in the Mahomedan habit, and goes by the name of Booden Beg.

Thomas Jones, one of the mechanics that were detained at Bangalore, and who is among those who have lately escaped from Chittledroog, was sent under a guard from Seringapatam to Chittedroog, about August 1790. He says, that, on a correspondence carried on by Mr. Rutlidge with the Carnatic being discovered, fifteen natives concerned in it were put to death, and Mr. Rutlidge was sent to Narrowdroog, about seven coss N. W. of Seringapatam, when orders for his death were given to the Killedar, who behaved at first very kindly to him; but the orders being repeated, he was shot. The latter part he learnt from one Oliver and others, whom he met close to Narrowdroog, on his way to Chitledroog. Oliver also acquainted him of their being at that time two private Europeans in confinement at Narrowdroog.

Of the mechanics ſent from France, about 30 arrived at Seringapatam, of whom ten or twelve have died; they are of little or no uſe, and have often expreſſed a wiſh to return; but Tippoo will not permit them. None of them who have now made their eſcape, know any thing of Lieutenant Hamilton, or any other officers who have of late been confined in Oſſore.

There are now doing duty with Tippoo a great number of native officers and privates, who have formerly belonged to the Lower Carnatic, in the ſervice of the Engliſh, or Mahomed Ally Khan. Thoſe who have made their eſcape from Chittledroog report the garriſon of that place to be, to the beſt of their knowledge, as follows: four nominal battalions of Cheylas, conſiſting of about 800; twelve nominal battalions of regular infantry, conſiſting of about 2300; about 3000 Peadas, ſtationed in the upper fort, called Maldroog; 1500 Peadas ſtationed in the lower fort; two companies (128) of Goodlandlaſs natives; and one company (60) of Goodlandlaſs ſtationed without the fort, conſiſting of European deſerters and native Chriſtians; 3 or 400 irregulars, armed with ſwords, pikes, clubs, bows, and arrows; Seyed Huſſun commands the troops under Dowlet Khan.

Several European boys were taught dancing in the country ſtyle, and forced to dance in female habits before Tippoo; it is ſaid, that of late, as they grew up, they have been transferred to the Cheyla battalions.

The account of the Europeans yet alive in Tippoo's country is collected generally from the whole of them who had made their eſcape. Thoſe in Seringapatam, in particular, from one T. Jones, as late as Auguſt 1790; and to a late period from the report of Smithey to the two men who eſcaped from Bednore, thoſe at Bednore to about Auguſt 1791; from the above two men's report to thoſe who have joined Captain Little's detachment from Hurry Hier, thoſe at Chittledroog to September 1791.

ON FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of moſt faſhions, was in the endeavour to conceal ſome deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the Seventh, of France, introduced long coats, to hide his ill made legs. Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet,

Duke

Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence which he had upon one of his feet.

Sometimes, fashions are quite reversed in one age from those of another. Thus bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille*. In visits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the shoulders—all which is exactly contrary to our present fashion. Queen Isabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry, as the fairness of her complexion, introduced a fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

In England, about the reign of Henry the Fourth, they wore long-pointed shoes, to such an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, it was the custom of an English beau of the fourteenth century to have these chains of gold or silver. A very accurate account of one of this description may be found in Henry's History of Great Britain. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical in their dress; and it must be confessed, that the most cynical satirist can have no reason, on a comparison with those times, to censure our present modes.

To this article, as it may probably arrest the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may serve as a hint for the heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of Poppea, the Queen of Nero, that she concealed *a part* of her face: "To the end," he adds, "that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTIONS.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS a counter part of the celestial marriage contract inserted in your Entertainer for March 26, 1792, I send you two inscriptions on the merchants' monument at Leipsic.

Your humble servant,

E. D.

Exeter, March 30, 1792.

ON THE ONE SIDE.

T. A. Bleckſchmidt, Debtor for ſins committed, 1,000,000l.	Creditor for the Merit of the Blood of Jeſus Chriſt, 1,000,000l.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

1669, *the 7th of April, at the Hour of Death.*

To T. A. Blackſchmidt Stimper, at the day of his death, I Jeſus Chriſt promiſe to pay, by this my letter of exchange, eternal life, which I have acquired and merited for him, being ſatisfied with his truth and good life.

JESUS CHRIST.

Anſwer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to J. K. C.'s Charade, inſerted February 6.

OFT when the morn the day doth lead,
The DEW-DROP gliſtens in the mead.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from T. Giles, of Bridgewater; Furze Stub, Long Moor; and a youth of Devon.

Anſwer, by Thomas Mullett, of Sturminſter Newton, to W. W.'s Rebus, inſerted February 6.

MAY HONESTY and truth go hand and hand,
Thro' ev'ry part of Albion's fertile land!
May virtue flouriſh, and may vice decay,
May envy vaniſh, diſcord fly away!
May peace and plenty, health and freedom ſmile,
On us the ſons of fair Britannia's iſle;

‡*‡ We have received the ſame anſwer from S. Branwell, near St. Auſtell; T. Walker, Hemyock; S. Shapton, Awliſcombe; W. Hodgſon, near Fowey; Leonidas, and W. Baker, Totnes; Philomathes, Ridgway; T. Scadding, Wellington; S. Hill, Dawliſh; S. D. Leigh; Virginopis, Buckfaſtleigh; J. Jones, near Tregony; H. B. Briſtol; T. and J. W. South Petherton; A. Apſey, and W. Brewer, Taunton; A. Pinn, and John Miller, Exmouth; R. Liſcombe, Newton Abbot; T. Giles, Bridgewater; J. Ralph, Wellington; T. Sparkes jun. Exon; J. Duckham, Tiverton; Philagathus, Dartington; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; John Thomas jun. Gluvias; J. White, Wincanton; and Primœvus, near Ugborough.

A REBUS, *by W. W. of Sturminſter Newton.*

ONE of the nine, ye bards preſage;
With what's oft found in Goadby's page;
A beaſt of prey you now muſt tell;
What ne'er ſhould in our boſoms dwell;
A man who was for ſtrength renown'd;
An Engliſh city next expound;
Then what is oft with ladies found;
A concubine for beauty bright;
Laſtly a poet bring to ſight:

Point out the initials, join the ſame,
A Wiltſhire town you then will name.

An ENIGMA, *by an Arpenteur de Pais.*

WHEN firſt I came to view this happy iſle,
Where peace and plenty both united ſmile,
No fair could boaſt of beauty half ſo fine,
Tho' now I'm black as e'er was a coal-mine.
The ladies fair in me took ſuch delight,
That they would have me in their bed all night;
But Oh! when I by nature was grown old,
The uſage then you'll ſcarce believe when told;
With iron ſtrong they ſeiz'd my tender frame,
And forthwith haul'd me to the burning flame,
There to remain till I'd my beauty loſt,
Tho' when I gain'd it 'twas by care and coſt;
And when forth from the fire they do me bring,
'Tis then I am the preſent myſtic thing;
But this will not their dreadful ire appeaſe,
Nor will they give me any reſt or eaſe;
But like a wretch that hath ſome miſchief done,
Into a dungeon I am headlong thrown,
With rogues that never love or pity ſhew,
But daily give each other blow for blow;
Nor will they reſt but with each other fight,
Before they've brought me into open light;
And when that's done I've ſtill another woe,
I'm bound again before they'll let me go.

P O E T R Y.

A SONG, *by* Mr. COLLINS.

[To the Tune of "The Son of Alkmoonak.]"

THE power that created the night and the day,
Gave his image divine to each model of clay;
Tho' on different features the God be impreſt,
One ſpirit immortal pervades every breaſt.
And nature's great charter the right never gave,
That one mortal another ſhould dare to enſlave.

The ſame genial rays that the lily unfold,
Give the roſe its full fragrance, the tulip its gold;
That Europe's fond boſoms to raptures inſpire,
Warm each African breaſt with as gen'rous a fire.
And nature's &c.

May the head be corrected, ſubdu'd the proud ſoul,
Who would fetter free limbs, and free ſpirits controul!
Be the gem or in ebon or ivory enſhrin'd,
The ſame form of heart warms the whole human kind.
And nature's &c.

May freedom, whoſe rays we are taught to adore,
Beam bright as the ſun, and bleſs every ſhore!
No charter that pleads for the rights of mankind,
To inveſt theſe with gold, thoſe with fetters can bind.
And nature's &c.

The PROGRESS *of the* MUSE: *Addreſſed to* Eliza.

Written by an unfortunate but deſerving young Lady, and communicated by S. of Topſham.

WHILE Severn on thy ſedge-crown'd banks I ſtray'd,
In life's fair morning ere that ſcience ſhone;

Ere

Ere reaſon's oblique rays their light diſplay'd,
Or poeſy's ſweet paths by name were known.

My youthful eye the varied ſcene ſurvey'd,
Kind memory preſerv'd the future theme;
Hope her aſpiring pinions o'er me ſpread,
And raptur'd fancy caught the lucid beam.

No lyre's magic chords to ſtrike I knew,
Or to the ſoft ſounds tune the kindred verſe;
Thro' th' Aonian grove the muſe purſue,
Nor to the echoing ſhores her praiſe rehearſe.

Yet when old Cambria's tow'ring hills I view'd,
Where the rapt bards their dulcet peans ſung;
And fett'ring melody, by art ſubdu'd,
The concave harp with ſkill celeſtial ſtrung.

Then emulation fann'd the latent flame,
Imagination rais'd on airy wing,
Rang'd in idea the wide expanſe of fame,
Her fires tempering in Caſtalia's ſpring.

By time corrected, and by ſorrows taught,
To prune with cautious care th' expanding ſoul;
To harmonize th' numbers, and the thought,
And the wild fancy's heedleſs flight controul.

Hard taſk to ſteer with ſkill the ethereal courſe,
The ſound and ſenſe united to preſerve;
To check the young idea's glowing force,
And faint expreſſion's feeble powers nerve.

Shall I the influence of the muſes boaſt?
One ſpark of genius dare I call my own?
Or hope that fancy gives what fortune loſt,
What care obſcur'd in her emiſſions ſhone?

Ah flattering recollection! ſtill return,
My artleſs lays one glorious fiat gain;
For S——— approves—I ceaſe to mourn,
And renovated form my humble ſtrains.

Oft, my Eliza, where yon mould'ring pile‡
Now levell'd with the duſt forgotten lies,

The

‡ The ruins of a caſtle once fortified againſt the Welch.

The fleet wing'd hours we wonted to beguile,
Unheeding its decline, and thoughtleſs whence its riſe.

Oft where the peaceful dead ſecurely ſleep,
And the unſculptur'd monumental ſtone,
Rudely inſcrib'd, ne'er youth compell'd to weep,
But told mortality's ſad tale alone.

Oft on the craggy cliff's moſs'd brow we ſtood,
And view'd from far the wind-extended ſail;
Or the vex'd motion of the ſilver flood,
Chaf'd by the bleak tempeſtuous northern gale.

Oh! ſpot where earth with earth again muſt blend,
Scene of my infant hours and happier days;
Cold grave of a once honour'd parent, friend!
Why ſadden thus the colour of my lays?

All but the preſent veiled from our ſight,
The paſt a tranſitory dream appears;
The future rob'd in myſtic ſhades of night,
Mild hope's benignant influence only chears.

But paſt or preſent, friendſhip ſtill remains,
The ſacred glow ſtill doth our boſoms own;
The ſympathetic fondneſs each retains,
And cold indifference is to both unknown.

Then let us cheriſh the congenial flame,
Its gentle progreſs watch with anxious care;
And tho' we loſe the glorious meed of fame,
The placid joys of calm contentment ſhare.

IMPROMPTU.

THE frequent ſighs of every hour
Tell where unceaſing cares reſide;
And vain is every mortal power
To ſtop deſpair's corroſive tide.
Sadly ſerene the ling'rer views
The placid ſtroke of death come on;
Slowly but ſure the ſcythe purſues,
The thread is cut—the toil is done.

CORNELIA MIRANDA.

Montgomery, July, 1791.